

# MISCELLANY

## MAUD MULLER IN KANSAS.

## IS ABSOLUTELY PATRIARCHAL.

Maud Muller once on a summer day went out on the prairie to rake some hay.

Her father was shy of a hired man, so she had to rake the hay herself. She was obliged to go.

She raked for a while, then began to think. Her thoughts were so hard you could hear them chink!

The man-labor gave her a pain, and she looked to see if that Kansas plain!

She had read in The Busy Bee, Colorado, where women are free, and had read how her sex was allowed to vote.

And in Kansas to ride the mystic goat. She said to her father when'er they could run far off where'er they pleased.

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## JUST BACK FROM SAHARA.

Mr. Swingle Found the Days Hotter and the Nights Cooler Than Here.

A traveller from the hot sands of the Sahara has just returned to the Department of Agriculture with some valuable collections, and what is more to the point for this story, an interesting account of his experiences in the desert. The long journey was made to bring to this country, for transplanting in Arizona, some of the finest species of date palms. Dates are now grown in Arizona in small quantities. The early settlers planted seeds, and from these a few trees which bear fruit have sprung up, under very adverse conditions. It was thought that by securing some offshoots of the date trees—for the Arabs never raise from the seed—excellent results might be obtained in Arizona, as the climatic conditions are all right. Mr. Swingle, of the Department of Agriculture, was sent to the desert of Algeria, on an exploring expedition in search of the finest kinds of date palms. He brought back with him 450 young plants, safely packed in moss, which he took from France for the purpose, which will be planted in Arizona.

Mr. Swingle landed at Algiers and took a train for Biskra, 250 miles south, and 30 miles within the Sahara. This is a famous Saharan winter resort, and although he reached there in May, it was still comfortable. He then started out into the Sahara a distance of 150 miles. The journey was made over the French military road, which is a well-kept thoroughfare and free from sand or stones. At distances of about forty miles apart there are fortified posts, maintained by the French army for the pacification of the country. There is a well at each post, the first essential of travel in the desert. The American explorer, however, did not depend upon the native supply of water, but carried the precious fluid in bottles. The water of the wells in the desert is said to be strongly alkaline and very distasteful to the ordinary man's stomach. The natives carry drinking water in goat skins, and while this method cools the water, it does not add to its deliciousness.

The journey down was rather monotonous, just the same stretch of desert, blaze of sun and intolerable heat in the middle of the day. The road was good, however, and fair time was made. It is a mistake to suppose that the Sahara is all sand. In most places it is said to be good, loamy soil, which, if irrigated, is as fertile as any Illinois prairie. In some sections there are immense sand dunes, higher than the Washington city Post Office and in others there are stretches of "hamada," the rocky desert, which is said to be the most fearful of all.

The people of the desert live mainly on "cous-cous," which is a kind of tapioca, steamed and served with meat gravy, sheep or goats furnishing the meat. The mess is highly seasoned with red pepper and would be good if it were not so hot. Dates and barley bread form the other staple articles of food. While there are probably 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 date palms in Algeria, each tree producing from 100 to 300 pounds of dates, nine-tenths of the product is consumed at home.

Of course the dates are only grown in the oases which form about the wells in the desert. Wherever there is enough water to supply irrigation there will be a little cluster of palm, some, fig trees, barley, vegetables growing under the palms; a bunch of sheep or goats and a few camels for each Arab's establishment. He lives simply and frugally and in the heat of summer hopes to send his stock and his family into the mountain country to weather the heat.

Since the French occupied the country they have sunk artesian wells, about which new oases and great plantations of dates have sprung up, much to the surprise of the aged nomads who have lived to see the desert blossom like the rose. Several hundred thousand new date trees have grown up in these plantations. Near the plantations is the holy city of Sidj Okba, which contains the tomb of a saint. The people are very pious and very poor. This is the oldest Mohammedan city in the Sahara and contains a population of about 8,000.

When Mr. Swingle and his party reached this part of the country they were introduced to some severe climatic conditions and made close acquaintance with a Saharan sirocco. In the desert one never seems to perspire, no matter how high the temperature. The moisture evaporates so rapidly that it leaves no trace, and one can wear a high collar without fear of its wilting. The temperature in the Sahara sometimes goes as high as 132 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade (granted that shade can be found). This occurs during the prevalence of the sirocco. The highest temperature felt by Mr. Swingle was 110 degrees.

The sirocco is a hot wind that blows

## SOME OF FAMOUS FAMILY OF ARIZONA EARPS LIVING

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 10.—Mrs. L. B. Law, daughter of Virgil Earp, lives in this city. She denies the story that has recently been published to the effect that all the Earps have been killed. Her father, she says, instead of having died with his boots on, is kicking around on a ranch in Arizona, while other Earps, whom enterprising romancists have hustled off to the happy hunting ground, are in reality, very much alive.

The statement that Wyatt is the last of the Earp brothers, said Mrs. Law, "is wrong. There are three brothers and a sister living. Wyatt Earp is in Nome City; Jim Earp is in San Francisco, and Virgil Earp, my father, is living in Kirkland, A. T., where I saw him last winter. Their sister Mrs. Delia Edwards, is living in Redlands, Cal. While I was visiting my father last winter he told me that he had a letter from Warren that he intended to return to Arizona from San Francisco. My father said then, if Warren ever showed up he will be shot. He is too hasty, quick tempered, and too ready to pick a quarrel. Besides he will not let bygones be bygones, and on that account I expect that he will meet a violent death."

My father has a large stock ranch in Kirkland and was offered the position of justice of the peace and captaincy of a rough rider company at the time of the war, but his right arm is helpless where he was shot in the feud. I had never seen my father before last year, as my mother and father had become separated at the close of the civil war and were unable to find any trace of each other, until last year, when we saw an account of the Tombstone feud, giving his whereabouts. Both he and my mother had remarried.

The story of the feud, as told to Mrs. Law by her father, is an interesting one. Virgil Earp was city marshal of Tombstone, and troublesome times he encountered. On one occasion he saw a desperado draw his pistol, and, pointing across the street, say to his partner, "See me kill that black dog." He fired and killed instead a woman walking on the street. Before Ew could arrest him fifty of his friends had surrounded him and effected his escape. Justice was meted out in those days by the pistol.

## CAUSE OF THE FEUD.

The immediate cause of the Tombstone feud was a stage robbery which the Earp brothers, Virgil as city marshal, Wyatt and Morgan as United States deputy marshals, had suspected

over the desert, filling the air with fine particles of sand and dust, which penetrate everywhere. The thermometer goes up and, with every window and aperture closed, life becomes almost unbearable. Every one becomes depressed to an unusual degree, the nerves seeming to be affected in some way. The wind sometimes blows steadily for two or three days, and during that time no one ventures about and all business is at a standstill.

Some beautiful mirage effects were witnessed by Mr. Swingle, although, he says, he has seen better ones in Arizona. In the Sahara the mirage always brings visions of water, lakes and billows, with reedy shores and the overhanging bushes reflected in the stream. In Arizona the mirage is usually a reflection of mountains.

The nights in the desert are described as wonderful. They are always cool, the temperature falling from 110 degrees to 60 degrees and lower, and a blanket and wraps are acceptable. A great deal of traveling is done by night and the long caravans go swinging by, silently and mysteriously, in the shadows of the sand dunes. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere the stars and the heavens can be studied closely, and one ceases to marvel that the Arabs have always been students of astronomy. A sunrise in the desert is described by Mr. Swingle as the most magnificent scene he ever witnessed and one which the beholder is likely never to forget.

There is a great deal of malaria among the resident Arabs and blindness prevails to an alarming degree. Visual affections are due to the action of the sand and the white glare of the sun. The malarial comes from the "irrigating" ditches and pools which abound in the neighborhood of all oases. The water is often stagnant and productive of disease.

Many herds of magnificent horses were seen on the way, the wealthier Arabs still clinging to the raising of the noble animals which have made Arabia famous. Less valuable breeds of horses are being used for transportation instead of camels and the industry is growing. The Arabian takes good care of his horse, but neglects the faithful camel, who is turned out to browse upon thistles or anything he can pick up.—Washington Star.

The DAILY ADVERTISER is delivered to any part of the city for 75 cents a month.

Tom and Frank McLowrey and Ike and Billy Clanton, cow rustlers, of committing the same deed. The cowboys were warned to leave town when they grew troublesome, but refused, and the two parties met in a theater. It was a gala night. The two factions sat on opposite sides and applauded and hissed each other. Soon shooting began and twelve men were killed and wounded, among them Tom and Frank McLowrey and Billy Clanton. Frank Marshall, the Wells-Fargo express agent, who was wounded in the riot, confessed when he thought he was dying to being in league with the Earps in robbing the stage. Upon recovery, however, he retracted this statement as having been made from spite toward the Earps. The feud was begun. Both sides were well armed, and seeking each other.

Virgil was the first to get shot. While sitting down the street, he was struck in the arm by a bullet from an unseen assailant, but escaped with his life. The first one to be killed was Morgan Earp, who was shot through a saloon window, while playing billiards. The Earps then undertook to take the body of Morgan to San Bernardino for burial, and a shooting scrape took place at Tucson, Arizona, between the two parties, in which the Earps were victorious, and Frank Stillwell, one of their opponents, was killed. After that there was no other direct conflict. The Earps left Arizona and settled down to a quieter life in California.

## WARREN WAS QUARRELSOME.

Warren Earp was almost fifty years old, and the youngest of the family. His death can be traced directly to the old feud. Warren Earp was always quarrelsome, and taunted Boyett, one of the members of the other party, upon meeting him, of the success of the Earps in the '80s, when they were fighting the cattle rustlers.

"You cattle-rustling scoundrel! If I ever meet again there'll be a killing. Understand that!" said Warren, on one occasion, thrusting his gun at him, and another time warned him to get his gun. Boyett got his gun and commenced shooting.

"You've got the best of me," said Earp, "but I'll show you my gun." "Stand still, then," said Boyett. But Earp stepped toward him, advancing for a grapple, and an attempt to get possession of the gun. Boyett fired, and Warren Earp dropped dead, shot through the heart. As his brother, Virgil, said before, the quietest member of the family predicted, he came to his death in a violent manner in a quarrel of his own seeking.

## THAT TROUBLESOME LETTER.

Perplexity of a Typewriter Girl With Social Possibilities.

The pretty typewriter girl seemed to be worried over something. "Well," she exclaimed, "there is one thing bothering me almost to death. I have social aspirations that may be gratified, because my employer is old and rich and is looking for a pretty young wife and I may be it. If I am I'm not much afraid of anything I may get next to in the circle in which I shall move except how and when to get the correct sound to the letter 'a' so as to show the difference between the classes and the masses. I have heard enough swell people talking in our office to know that to be a real society person I must use the broad 'a' in the right place, but I'm not sure of myself. Maybe everybody that uses the broad 'a' isn't in society, but I'm sure everybody in society uses the broad 'a' and I want to know how to do it like the real thing."

"I don't find much difficulty in saying 'cahn', but ought I to say 'cahn' or 'cahn not'? If not, why not? I'm just sure to get all mixed up if I say 'I cahn' and follow it right away with 'I cahn't', and I'm sure I never could do a thing like that in society and live. I would be dead given away, wouldn't I? But worse than that is 'half-past', like 'half-past 4', for instance. Sometimes I get it 'half-past', and sometimes 'half-pahst', and sometimes plain 'half-past', and I just don't know what to do with myself. Now, which is it, and however I am to get it right and make it stay right? Goodness knows I've tried hard enough."

"Then there is 'and'. I always called it by its name and thought everybody else did, but the other day I heard some society people calling it 'ahnd'. Do you suppose that is the proper thing? My employer says 'cahn't' and 'shahn't', but he doesn't say 'ahnd', and he lives on Connecticut avenue. Or do I say 'in Connecticut ahvenue'? I notice some of the newspapers say 'in' for 'on' street, but the newspapers are not in society, are they? I can say 'afternoon', or just plain 'after' easy enough, but think of that word 'after-math'. Of course I wouldn't use it very often, but it is more of a give-away to a word wrong that is common than it is the come matter or is it matters?—that I mean 'thah't'—he wants attended to. So long!" and she left the reporter standing at the office rail somewhat puzzled himself.—Detroit Free Press.

## CUSTOMS OF CHINESE.

They drink wine hot. Only men fly kites. White is worn as mourning. The babies seldom cry. Soldiers wear petticoats. Their compass points to the south. The family name comes first. Carriages are moved by sails. Seat of honor at the left. Visiting cards four feet long. School children sit with their backs to the teacher. Fireworks are always set off in daytime.

If you offend a Chinaman he may kill himself on your doorstep to spite you.—Joliet Star.

## AFTER CONVICTION.

Mrs. Bliss—"I hope you don't think marriage a great trial, dearest." Mr. Bliss—"Oh, not a bit, darling. It's just like working out the sentence, you know."

## JOY.

Joy is like a maid you're wooing. One that flees you in the chase. When you cease from your pursuing You will meet her face to face.

## WILL WORK ON A FARM.

How a Cornetist Answered a "Situation Wanted."

"Well," said the old gentleman, with a fine irony, "I shan't want for anything in my old age. I may rest easy now." "How's that?" asked his friend. "My three boys are in the town band. One plays the cornet, the other a flute, and the other a violin. You see, I shall be comfortably provided for." The friend looked dubious. He glanced across the room to where young Bronson, the cornetist, sat talking with a neighbor young man, Howell by name.

"If father had spent as much money on having me learn to paint signs as he did on my cornet lessons, I would be able to support myself now," Bronson was saying. "Can't you make a living out of your cornet?" asked Howell. "Not so far as I can see," said Bronson.

Howell looked sympathetic and, after a moment's hesitation, suggested: "Why don't you try to get into a theater orchestra?"

"I don't play well enough." "Break into one of those little street bands, then." "I play too well," said Bronson. There was a long pause broken by the old gentleman: "Why don't you advertise for a situation?" he said. "What kind of an ad would you put in?" asked Bronson.

The old gentleman took out his pencil, scribbled for a minute, and then handed the sheet of paper to Bronson. "How would that do?" he asked. It read:

## SITUATION WANTED.—Young man;

cornetist; can wait on table. Bronson frowned. "I don't like that last part," he said.

"But you know that you can wait on table," the old gentleman insisted, "and it might help you to get a job." The ad was sent into the papers. Three days later when Howell met Bronson he saw that the young man who sought the situation was deeply moved. The two went into a liquid joy establishment and sat down in silence.

"Never again," quoth Bronson impressively, as he ate a radish. "The next time your cousin puts an ad like that in the newspapers it will be frosty weather indeed."

"What's the matter," asked Howell. "Well, I'll tell you," said the cornetist wearily. "I got a half dozen answers but none of them were written by fellows who thought they were kidders. One of them said if I was a good cornetist I ought to be able to blow myself without having a job. Now, what do you think of that? Another fellow said he kept a boarding house and thought he could find a place for me, and I went to see him and then he had a joint feeling about fifty people. He sized me up and said: 'So you want a job, eh?'"

"I admitted it," "Well," he says, after sizing me up a whole lot more, 'I've noticed these restaurants down town has been putting in orchestras lately to play while the people eat, and I think it's a good thing. Only, you see, I can't afford to hire an orchestra because we have low rates at my place, although everything's first class. Now, I'd like to have you come on here and wait on the tables until everything is going in good shape, and then take your horn and play while they're eating.'"

"I asked him if he'd want that at every meal. 'Oh, no,' he says, 'only at dinner. I'd want you to wait on the table at breakfast, and at noon without music, but in the evening I think your horn would make it nice.'"

"Every time he said 'I wanted to strangle him, but I needed money and so I asked: 'And what would I get for being waiter and orchestra?'" "Well," he says, "there wouldn't be much work to either of them, but I can afford to be liberal with a musician. Say \$4 a week."

"Well, on the square," said Bronson when Howell got through laughing. "I don't know what kept me from smashing that fellow."

"Did you try any of the other answers?"

"No, I am going to work on the farm tomorrow."

## ELECTRIC COOKING.

Considerations Affecting its Introduction in the Kitchen.

It is interesting to observe the gradual but steady advance of electric heating for culinary purposes in large cities. We take it for granted, remarks the Electrical World and Engineering, that electrical heating on a large scale cannot be efficient or economical except in special instances. Thus it is out of question to consider an electric heating plant for raising large vats of liquid to the boiling point, unless there are some special reasons why chemically evolved heat may not be used. A kilowatt-hour in her case is about \$3.00 B. T. U., and costs a consumer in our large cities from 5 to 20 cents, according to the conditions, or from 72,000 to 18,000 thermal units a dollar. On the other hand a short ton of ordinary good steam coal will contain 25,000,000 B. T. U., and at a price of \$10.00 per cent in boiler wall and flue, some 21,000,000 heat units can be looked for in the boiler wall, such coal costing about \$1 to \$3, according to circumstances, and representing a yield of from 21,000,000 to 7,000,000 of thermal units a dollar, or in her neighborhood of 200 times more heat than the electric method would furnish.

The comparison is in a certain sense unjust, seeing that the retail price of electric energy on a small scale is compared with the manufacturing cost in fuel alone for heating water on a large scale, and a far better comparison could be made where both methods were compared from either the manufacturer's or the buyer's standpoint, whatever the scale of production might be.

It is only on a large scale, however, that price sways the scales. On a small scale price often becomes insignificant by comparison with comfort and convenience. It is declared by some builders from their actual observation that so great is the influence of personal convenience that stores on the lightly frequented side of a street may relatively languish, while stores, no better in attractions, on the densely frequented side may thrive. In other words, it is said that the mere effect of crossing a street by a buyer will markedly affect his choice of a store. It is the same law in another form which causes the price of a retail article to be often twice and sometimes twenty times as great as the cost of the same article on a larger scale. Where a small quantity of heat is required for cooking the advantage is altogether in favor of the electric method. A small electric stove is probably as cheap in fuel consumption as a small coal stove, and is devoid of smoke, dust and ashes, besides requiring neither matches nor kindling wood. The electric stove can also be made more compact than the coal stove, and can better retain its heat to the exclusion of surrounding objects, which is a decided advantage in the torrid days of summer. The comparison with an oil stove or a gas stove is less favorable to electricity, but even here the electric stove has the advantage of cleanliness and convenience.

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## BUCKLES ON HER ROSES.

The Duchess of Marlborough (Consuelo Vanderbilt) shone resplendent on the queen's birthday night at the reception given by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. She was in palest blue satin, the skirt of which was wrought from waist to hem with an exquisite design in long flowing lines of silver, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The sash was arranged in such a manner that it appeared to be slightly fluted as it fell toward the feet, and the soft, full lines of the skirt suited the young duchess' tall, slim figure to perfection. She wore a wealth of gorgeous jewels, while the famous Marlborough pearls were greatly in evidence.

She carried a magnificent bouquet of soft, pink roses, caught here and there with diamond buckles, on two broad blue satin ribbons, an arrangement of flowers that, besides being original, was extremely effective. The stems of the roses were passed through the buckles.

## MEXICAN PROVERBS.

Wind and good luck do not last. Flies cannot enter a closed mouth. He who has little has little to fear. A cat in gloves will never catch rats. Don't take a pawn that must be fed. No evil will endure a hundred years. It is good fishing in troubled waters. A book that is shut makes no scholar. The good laundress washes the shirt first.

A frugal rich father and a spendthrift son. If the pill were not bitter it would not be gilt. When the river is passed the saint is forgotten.

He who never ventures will never cross the sea.

No word is ill spoken if it is not ill understood. A tongue may inflict a deeper wound than a sword.

Do not trust your money to those who keep their eyes on the floor (make an outward sign of plety).

## MY LADY'S TRAVELING BAG.

In the matter of small baggage, there is an almost infinite variety of bags, and if there is one thing over another upon which the well-groomed woman prides herself, it is on the quality of her traveling bags. They must be of the best material and as simple as only the most costly things can be, both inside and out. No more metal is displayed than must be, and the little that does show is of brass or polished nickel. Monogram or other decoration, except of the most inconspicuous sort, is tabooed. The interior of these bags is finished in the most complete manner and with the highest grade of workmanship. There is a place for everything wanted in traveling, from a tooth brush to a whiskey flask. Some of these bags that come fitted out with toilet articles cost \$100, and even more.

## HOW COUNT MOURAVIEFF DIED.

We learn from trustworthy source that the late Count Mouravieff committed suicide in presence of M. de Witte, in consequence of an extremely violent dispute with the Emperor Nicholas about China. Before dying Count Mouravieff wrote to the Czar, adjuring his Majesty to follow his policy in China.—Krakow Czas.

## THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT.

"I am going to stop and look back," said Lot's wife, who was a short distance in advance. "Don't!" urged Lot. "It will go hard with you if you do!" But she disregarded his warning, with the result recorded elsewhere. "Well, I called the turn on her all right," panted Lot, struggling on.

## SELFISH ADVICE.

"Wooley's wife says that a man with his complexion should never eat ice cream."

"I suppose they never have any, then?"

"Oh, yes, they do, and she eats his share."

## KEEPING EVEN.

"Fair painter—I hope you don't mind my sketching in your field?" Farmer— "Lord, no, missie! You keep the birds off the pens better'n an ordinary scarecrow."—Tit-Bits.



## CHINESE ARTILLERY THAT WAS.

The outbreak in China has brought with it some of the usual surprises that accompany war. Most important of these this time is the suddenly acquired general knowledge that the Orientals have, since their war with Japan, been rapidly learning the deadly art of war and have been extensively equipping themselves with the latest and most perfect engineering of warfare. In exclusive circles composed of those who have to do constantly with military affairs the changed and changing conditions in China were known, but to the ordinary citizen the news comes as a revelation. Up to less than three years ago the whole world looked upon China as a country that was a century behind the leading European and American nations in military matters. The illustrations show a type of the artillery that the Chinese placed their reliance upon, not so much for offense as for defense. It is the old gun in the city of Kanlung. It was mounted for the defense of the city, and in it the natives seemed to place implicit confidence.